

The Bloomfield Citizen.

BLOOMFIELD POST OFFICE.

Time	Arrive	Delivery
7:30 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
10:30 A. M.	11:30 A. M.	12:30 P. M.
11:30 A. M.	12:30 P. M.	1:30 P. M.
12:30 P. M.	1:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.
1:30 P. M.	2:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.
2:30 P. M.	3:30 P. M.	4:30 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	4:30 P. M.	5:30 P. M.
4:30 P. M.	5:30 P. M.	6:00 P. M.

A. L. BROWN,
Postmaster.

Glen Ridge Post Office.

Time	Arrive	Delivery
7:15 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	9:00 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
9:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	11:30 A. M.
10:30 A. M.	11:30 A. M.	12:30 P. M.

THOMAS MORITZ, Postmaster.

THE COMMENCEMENT ESSAYS.

You are Dismissed: Go.

You are dismissed: Go. In olden times after the early Christians were met to celebrate the Lord's Supper, they were dismissed with this simple benediction. Let us take these words as a text upon which to base a few thoughts.

To-night we are dismissed from much that has hitherto been dear to us. The remodeling of the school-hall will henceforth convey to us no summons. The books of years are to be laid aside forever. Day after day, month after month, year after year we have met until the very walls of the schoolroom have become something more than ordinary to us. During these years, while enjoying each other's society, we have been helping to mould each other's characters, unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less surely. We have spent many pleasant days together but all has not been sunshine, some days be dark and dreary. We have not escaped the common fate. We have likewise spent days when everything went wrong, failures in lessons, misbehavior perhaps, and often we have listened anxiously for the ominous words "All who have whisper'd may stay," when all day we have been anticipating a good afternoon's long walk or other recreation.

You are dismissed: to-night not only from each other's companionship and past mutual joys and griefs but also from the helpful influence of our teachers. They have "guided our efforts," "have simplified the processes of our education," and, from time to time, "have tested the results."

Someone has well said that school-days were the happiest of life, and already we find ourselves prone to look back upon the years during which we have attended school with something of pleasure.

But to-night we must not only look backward, but forward too. The picture is quite large and quite attractive. The poets dwell especially upon the beginning of life because so many possibilities are before it. Quite possibly we are to-night dismissed from the poetical romance of life to the more sober realm of prose—of common, everyday duties. Hitherto we have been largely free from real care or trouble. The future may hold much of both forms, and happiness, as well, may be in store for us of which we do not now dream.

In preparing to enter upon the sterner realities, let us remember that this night marks the Commencement of a new life. It may be seemingly contradictory to call this day of school-life Commencement; but it is rightly so called, for it is the day when, leaving the past behind us, we start forth upon a new, and what might be called a final career, a real Commencement in life.

You are dismissed! to go, let us then inquire, for a few minutes, to what? This is a very different question to answer from what it would have been twenty years ago. Then comparatively few avenues were open to women for employment. Now there are very few for which she is fitted that are not open. Large opportunities await her at every step. She has but to manifest an inclination and a fitness for a given employment and friendly hands are stretched forth to help her achieve her ideal.

In seeking to fit ourselves for whatever we may desire, let us bear in mind that in this enlightened age, a thorough training is necessary to prepare one for any and every walk in life.

You are dismissed! to go, perhaps, to teaching. Let any of us who may contemplate this, look upon it as a sacred trust. It has been said that we "demand of the teacher the making of good and intelligent citizens out of most unpromising material, to the extent of the power and influence of school-life." This requires more than ordinary ability. Teachers are drawn morally as well as mentally those in their care. The influence of a good teacher has been felt through generations.

You are dismissed! to go, perhaps, to minister to the physical needs of our fellow-beings. It has only been a few months since one of the prominent physicians of New York City, in behalf of his brethren, publicly welcomed the women into the Medical Fraternity. A true physician should be able to minister not only to the body but to the mind and heart. Much self-denial must be practiced and great courage is needed, both of which are essentially womanly as many qualities.

A woman can be a lawyer; can be a lecturer; in fact might be almost anything. Some few have entered the pulpit; one woman has even aspired to fill the presidential chair, but we trust that none of us will ever even seek to become "Belva Lockwood."

In many of the industrial occupations, where merely physical strength is not so much sought after as dexterity or touch and nicely of finish, woman's abilities make large scope; while all the old avocations of employment that have been open for so many years, are still at her command.

In the world of art and literature, woman has made for herself a foremost place, and from this class there may go both a Rose Bonheur or a Mrs. Browning, and cheer the world. She has thus quietly "done what she could." While others have been crying for the ballot and maintaining that, with all this, nothing can be accomplished, the better part "have gone up and possessed the land."

Simply because she willed has she succeeded so well, for "when a woman will, she will, you may depend on it."

But even the very multiplicity of our riches may prove an embarrassment and make it harder for us to choose.

While not in the least depreciating the positions women are assuming and while fully realizing her increasing usefulness, we ask that the place for which she is most eminently fitted and which shall ever belong to her—that of the home-keeper will not be overlooked.

In this nineteenth century, when all ideas are being reversed and old notions are being completely overthrown; when almost every calling and profession is being thrown open to women; when many stand knocking at the doors of colleges, hitherto closed to the gentler sex, demanding that they shall have equal rights with their brothers, it may be very old-fashioned to say, "You are dismissed" perhaps to go into homes of your own, there to be the happy centre. No nobler career than this is open to woman. In whatever walk of life she may achieve success in the world, she will find that she needs to be skilled in many directions to be successful at home. As a lawyer, as a physician, as a philanthropist or in any of the business callings she may choose, she may excel in the eyes of the multitude. To be successful in the home she needs to have all good qualities combined. Surely the highest talent and much native ability is needed for the home. Many a woman has here achieved feats of financing of which capitalists never dream—without feeling afterward the urgent necessity of going to Canada to meditate upon the achievement.

It is putting forth a very high ideal to speak of being prepared in so many ways to fill well our place in the world and to add besides the caution of keeping well to the highest ideal of Womanhood. "Learn thy true self and live it" was written by the Greek poet hundreds of years ago. Let his words ring in our ears to-night and, as we are dismissed, let us go forth with the inspiring thought of all we may become in the future.

LAO G. SIMONS.

Classical Studies.

At the graduating exercises four years ago an essay was read on the value of the study of the classics. In this essay the advantages derived from such study were presented as being many and great. So

earnest and interesting was the presentation that some who had not enjoyed the privilege of these studies regretted it; and some of us in the lower classes began to think that we had at last something to look forward to. For here was a study it was claimed, from which we would receive great humiliations and prospective benefits.

After an experience of three years reading I wish to consider the study of the classics; this evening, from a single point of view—as a study for girls—for somehow, during the period named, there has been growing up in my mind a feeling that while acquiring the conceded advantages, a girl has much to go through that is of very uncertain value—at least only remotely bearing upon the better use of life.

Let us see for a few moments just what three years' study in Latin has compelled us to know.

Having learned the rudiments of the language, we became acquainted with the character of Julius Caesar by reading his Commentaries. The work is divided into sections or books, each comprising an account of Caesar's conquests in Gaul during one year. We study four of these years of almost interminable campaigning and wars—wars in which men, women and children were indiscriminately butchered!

In which one of the finest portions of Europe was entirely overrun, and in some instances tribes and almost nations were exterminated. As an undertone throughout this entire history we have the workings of passion, malice and intrigue which can scarcely be paralleled in all history.

After a year's reading in these commentaries we naturally laid them aside with the feeling that such reading was not possibly the best means to use in introducing girls to the amenities of style and the charm of literary culture.

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Having often heard that Cicero was the greatest orator of Rome, if not of all time, we took up his orations with great expectation, for naturally we thought we would receive much valuable instruction from the writings of one who, as an orator, statesman, and philosopher, is reported to have been the great inspirer of young minds for two thousand years in thought as well as in expression.

His often quoted maxim that in composition and elocution art should conceal art, had a peculiar attractiveness, and we had expected to be able to learn from him much in matters pertaining to excellence of expression in speaking and writing. But almost in our first day's acquaintance, certain little peculiarities began to appear which the grammars have classified under the pleasant names parapilus, anaphora, apopisosis, litotes, etc.

The unpleasant frequency with which these artifices appear, quite early suggest the query, whether the great orator is not a violator of his own maxim in thus diverting our attention continually from the thought to the little artifices of the rhetorician.

The method pursued by this solicitor apparently indicates that Bloomfield people are being duped, and those who have known for a long while that this thing has been going on, should have exposed the matter through the columns of THE CITIZEN.

Besides, certain personal traits are unpleasantly prominent throughout all his orations, and seriously mar the beauty of his oratorical powers.

How often we hear the complacent remark "De me pauca dicam!" On one occasion he even suggests that thanks are due to Cicero and Jupiter! That the welfare of the state is centered in himself, etc., etc.

In another respect, his orations show forth his character in a very strong light—that he rarely rose above considerations of purely personal interest. As some one has told us: "His orations are pitiless toward him, running over with the aggressiveness and egotism, conceit and nervous suspicion, jealousy—trailing slimy lengths around and about most of the lies gleaming things he was forever speaking or writing."

Next in our quest comes the great epic poet, Virgil. In him we had expected to find the perfection of grace and refinement in thought. For a poet should be a reveler of beauty. We read the greatest of his works, in which is given an account of the wanderings of *Enes*, and his laying in Italy the foundation of Roman power.

As the poet evidently intended that the

poem should be the epic of his nation's history, but somehow, we have failed to discover any rightful claim in it to such high distinction. The flight of imagination seems to us quite low.

Although the poem contains beautiful passages, yet these are exceeded in number by those which are anything but beautiful, both in thought and language. Take for example the episode of *Enes* and *Dido*. Certainly no beauty of elegance can be found here. Again, while *Enes* was celebrating games in honor of his deceased father, a brutal boxing-match was one of the principal incidents. Accounts of like character can, I am told, be read in any paper of to-day under the title of prize-fight, and are not here usually regarded as poetical.

When we read the line "Varium et multabile est semper feminis," our opinion of Virgil's grace and refined thought is not essentially improved. Then, too, Virgil seems to be completely poverty-stricken for epithets. "Plus *Enes*," "Fortes Cleonanthus, *Fidus Achates*," and the like are ever recurring, till the frequency becomes, to say the least, mildly painful.

Our conclusion is that Virgil's sameness of expression and tameness of thought are not especially suggestive, nor of great literary value.

Such in brief has been our experience with three great authors of Latin literature. But there still remains before us the great field of Greek literature. To this let us briefly turn our attention. First comes Xenophon; whose name as an historian rests chiefly upon his *Anabasis*, written in a simple and agreeable style, quite suggestive of the Attic Bee.

But looking upon this history as a whole, it seems to be merely the story of one angry brother fighting against another—a narrative full of deceit, intrigue and treachery on both sides. Nor do we find the portrayal of character in the Cyrus we find an unscrupulous, aspiring prince; in Clearchus a hard, unfearing soldier; in Menon a profligate with no redeeming trait; in Xenophon himself the courtier and politician.

After this we arrive at length at the height of our ambition—to be able to read Homer in the original. He has always been known as the prince of poets, the grand model in poetry, from whose works critics derive their rules. In his greatest work, the Iliad, the connecting idea of the whole poem is the wrath of Achilles, in other words a mere personal quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. They wrangle just like two schoolboys, until by a strange poetical license some god is sent down from heaven to quiet them. Excepting the character of Hector, who stands out in word and in act as a perfect gentleman, Andromache as a noble-minded woman, and Ulysses as a ready, versatile soldier and chieftain, there is scarcely a character that rises above the rudest barbarism. Even the gods fare no better. Olympus seems like an ill-governed household, Jupiter patronizes Jano and in return Jano wheedles Jupiter. Neptune pleads for dinner and Venus cries over a scratched finger.

In short, all throughout the poem there is an almost uninterrupted detail of discord and bloodshed on earth and in Olympus.

This it seems to me is certainly not the best kind of study for a girl. And the question suggests itself naturally: Is there not in the entire compass of Greek and Latin literature material of a more congenial kind, which will more directly contribute to a culture suited to present thought and need?

Perhaps we are not altogether liberal in our conclusion, nor justly critical, but to us the impressions named are very vivid.

SUSIE M. TAYLOR.

Bugs Music.

Recently a woman has been going around through Bloomfield soliciting orders for sheet music. She represented to those of whom she solicited orders, that she was the authorized agent of a celebrated foreign firm—a firm whose productions are highly esteemed in musical circles. The woman also represented that she had the consent of certain prominent music teachers in Bloomfield, to use their names, recommending the music sold to her.

A representative of THE CITIZEN called on one of these music teachers in reference to the matter, and was informed that no such consent or recommendation had ever been given. A number of complaints had lately been made to the teacher concerning this woman.

A sample of the music furnished by the woman was shown. It had the appearance of having been cut from an old music book and was sewed together in a bungling manner. Instead of bearing the signature of the famous European dealers, it bore the stamp of a well known Chicago firm, who made a specialty of church and Sunday-school music.

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offer to all friends and patrons, old and new the highest grades of Minnesota Patent and Winter.

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